Backstory Book

Exceptional

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Prologue

Once upon a time…

A blue-shirted boy dawned the land.

The land that is… New York.

A boy that's bound to change things…

or not…

Yep! That's me, Bruno! Or Bruno Ray. I'm the writer of the Extraordinary books if any readers can't tell, but really, who will read these books? Probably only me. Anyways, I was born and raised in Brooklyn for my childhood until I moved to Manhattan for my school. That change was rough for me, but it did provide me with a lot of changes in my life! Some are positive, while others are negative.

I'm writing this book and the entire Extraordinary series because, well, I'm bored and I want to write about my crazy school experiences. Those experiences only extended to the first parent teacher meeting though. Honestly, I just got a bit burnt out from writing the books. Now I've sort of got my spark back during the winter break.

If you're wondering why my writing is in blue instead of black, this is because I'm stuck writing with this blue pen since my black pen is in my school locker, and, well, I have winter break right now like I wrote.

Chapter 1

Kindergarten Kid

Like I wrote before, I was born and raised in Brooklyn. In the sweet autumn in Brooklyn. November 10 1999 exactly. I love it back there, in Brooklyn.

I was born in a rustic but nicely operated hospital. So many nurses were surrounding me when I was born! I felt like I was a prophet being born or something. Of course, I'm not a prophet. In fact, I'm the opposite of a prophet. Still, I felt like something was surrounding me when I was born, and it wasn't the nurses and the doctor that got me out of the womb. Rather, it's something more than those.

I don't remember my first or even second years of being alive though. I just remember things that happened since I was four, but there are some notable things my parents told me.

According to my mom, my name was actually Brunnero before I was born. My brother was born when I was about three. I used to dance to NSYNC songs a lot for some reason. My uncle even said I danced to the macarena, but my parents kept denying that at every family reunion. I also got obsessed with chocolate at this time. I think I ate Nutella then fell in love with the flavor? I don't know.

A lot of memories started coming in kindergarten.

My memories aren't the best, but they definitely are better since this year.

This is when I met someone special. The exact same year.

My kindergarten was named (I think) Tiny Stars. The kindergarten was decorated with stars hanging all over the ceilings and the gate, obviously referencing the kindergarten's name.

Students weren't divided into groups in kindergartens and only kept into different rooms, unlike Open Book School. According to what my classmates told me, Open Books School's kindergarten (yes, the school does have a kindergarten ever since 2010) are divided into groups. Of course, my kindergarten was in Brooklyn instead of Manhattan, so maybe the districts make a difference.

"Was?", anyone might ask.

Yeah, the kindergarten has shut down since 2008. I think it shut down because of the owners going bankrupt? That's what one of my uncles told me.

My room was a small but cozy one. There were pillows laid out all over the floors.

Students were even allowed to sleep in it in case there are no studies! The teachers were as sweet as the rooms were. The students… I have indifferent opinions towards them except for one: Moxie.

Yup. I met Moxie at this time. I made friends with him in one special day.

I walked in fairly late compared to everyone else—seems like that aspect of me never changed! Nobody didn't mind either. This was normal for everyone at the time.

The teacher, who I'm sure is named Ms. Avery, wrote on the whiteboard with her black marker, writing down something kids didn't understand at the time.

"Good morning, kids! How is everyone this lovely day?", Ms. Avery asked. Everyone smiled and cheered out, saying "We are having a good morning!". Ms. Avery was just as happy as us, I'm sure.

I was feeling like I was on top of the world that day. Only me and my friends, I thought! Only if things are like this now.

"That's good to hear!", she grinned. Suddenly, she turned to the door, looking like she saw someone new, which she actually was. "Students", she called. "Meet your newest friend: Moxie!", she introduced.

Moxie stepped out of the obscure shadow and went into the light that is the door of the kindergarten room. The students all cheered in unison—I was one of the kids. Moxie didn't seem to be as happy as us though. He was just shy. He kept on shivering and fidgeting his fingers around.

Ms. Avery noticed that, approaching him and touching him on the shoulder. "What's the matter?", Ms. Avery asked. Moxie got his spirits up, smiling. He looked at Ms. Avery with a warm smile. "Nothing. I'm just s-shocked", he responded. Ms. Avery smiled as Moxie walked towards the kids and sat with them. I just looked at Moxie, without him noticing me. Ms. Avery got back to her original position and wrote on the board some questions for Moxie.

The questions were typical ones for introductions. Who are you, where are you from, all t

Oops. My pen's ink just finished, so the text looks different! A lot darker too. I really need to thank my cousin, Athena, for giving me this pen. She said the pen's ink is, dare I say, extraordinary!

Anyways, so Ms. Avery made Moxie answer the questions. From what I remember, it went like this:

Who are you? Moxie Stamin
Where are you from? Utah
What do you like? Ninjas. They are cool
How are you feeling now? A little scared
Why are you in this place? My parents told me to go here

The answers were interesting, yet so innocent, especially now that I know what happened to Moxie… at least another version of him. It'll make sense if whoever reads this read the 6th book that I apparently wrote. The book that recounted that same memory… Damn that makes no sense!

Anyways, I saw the answers and so did the kids. We were all curious. The teacher was too. It was collective confusion, I suppose. The ninja answer appealed to be me though. I loved ninjas. They were cool! I still think so, but not as strongly as before. My brother loves ninjas too. He watches that new Ninjago show. It's funny to me really!

Moxie sat down with the rest of us kids. He sat next to me. I smiled at him. He noticed me, but didn't do much about me. He just stared blankly at the carpet floor, thinking about I don't know what.

Ms. Avery started blabbering about nonsense. She always does that. Not that different from Mrs. Garcia or any of my past teachers, really. Ms. Avery was talking about the weather that day, I'm pretty sure. It was autumn at the time (it was October), so things weren't that hot, nor were things that cold. The weather was just right!

In the midst of the nonsense were the attentive students and most importantly, me. I was just staring at Moxie. I don't know why, but I felt like there was some connection between he and I that he didn't realize, but **I** did. Silly looking at that moment from now. I always felt this way towards all the friends I made—including Alex and Team Toxic. It's upsetting how those friendships ended. I messed up, didn't I?

Moxie suddenly noticed my staring, making me abruptly stop and look at the ground the same way he did. Moxie was confused. I could tell by the look of his eyes.

Ms. Avery finally stopped her talking and started play a video on a tape on a TV. Yeah. Tapes were still used back at that time, but not

as frequently as it did in the 80s and 90s. The VHS tape was a video about accepting others' differences. There were many examples in that video.

The main was a real-life recording of a kid named Michael who wore a blue shirt. He was in some sort of playground in his school. He then met two kids from Asia. I think they were from Japan and the Philippines? I'm sure they were. The Japanese kid was (from my memory) named Zinnia and the Filipino kid was named Aiden.

Michael hated them and thought they were weird for being different. Michael even hated how they didn't like the color blue and instead preferred pink and purple. Sounds dumb to me, but I digress. So, a teacher came and taught Michael that everyone can be different. Michael befriended Zinnia and Aiden soon after. However, from the looks of their faces, Zinnia and Aiden did seem to be… suspicious of Michael. I somehow remember that detail the most out of anything.

That was a long description of the video. My memory is just so blurry that I just can't seem to recall much of that video.

The video ended. Everyone was so inspired by that video, and that inspired me to actually befriend Moxie a day after. Yeah, a day after.

It was a normal day, really. Just with a new kid. It was during break. Every kid was enjoying their time, talking to each other. I was talking to many kids. I wasn't an introvert back then. I was talking a lot! I think I developed my introverted nature as I grow up. I'll touch more onto that later on.

When every kid was occupied and I ran out of people to talk to, I went up to Moxie who was just sitting in the corner of the playground, eating his only food: toasted bread. Not even a sandwich. I felt terrible for him.

"Hi Moxie", I greeted.

Moxie noticed me. He turned his curious head to me, not smiling at all. “Hello”, he greeted back. I took out a Nutella sandwich from my lunchbox, sat down next to him and offered him the sandwich.

“You look hungry. Want to eat this?”, I asked.

Moxie looked at the sandwich, seemingly hesitant to even touch it. Moxie stared at me; a bit scared. I smiled warmly though. Moxie gave in and grabbed the sandwich, eating it. “Wow! It’s yummy!”, Moxie giggled. I giggled alongside Moxie. “Mommy always says that sharing is caring!”, I told Moxie while he was enjoying the food.

Moxie nodded, agreeing to what I said. He continued eating. “I saw that you liked Ninjas”, I suddenly said, trying to start up a conversation. Moxie finished his food and drank some water from a clear plastic bottle. The bottle strangely didn’t seem to be as beaten up as that bread he ate. “I do! Do you like ninjas?”, Moxie asked. I nodded, affirming that I did. “Of course I do! They are so cool!”, I answered.

My legs started having a tingling sensation, probably because I was excitement that I’ve made a new friend. That aspect of me never changed. I was always excited to make a new friend, maybe a bit too much.

“What’s your name?”, Moxie asked. “Bruno”, I answered. Moxie smiled. He was probably was excited as I was that he made a new friend—maybe even more than me since it didn’t look like he made any besides me before that point.

Things were going fine at that point. I finally had someone to rely on instead of simple acquaintances, though I didn’t even know what the meaning of that word was when I was four.

At some point, I got to know where Moxie lived, and it was surprising to me at the time!

It was a typical day. Actually, Moxie changed a lot at that point. He started developing some confidence. It was probably because of me giving him chances at making new friends. He sort of did, but he always gravitated towards me. Like they always say: Anyone will be the most loyal to their first relationship, that includes friendships.

It was recess. That day, I and the kids were playing catch. We were tossing a plastic ball left and right. It was simple, but it sure was fun for some silly four-year-olds from a rustic neighborhood!

At some point during the game, Moxie kicked the ball. Everyone was impressed! "Wow!", everyone exclaimed in utter awe and surprise. Everyone gathered around Moxie, including me. "Who taught you that?!", they kept asking and begging answers for.

Moxie grinned, then pulled me towards him. "It is this boy: Bruno!", he answered while pointing at me. Everyone stared at me as if I was some guardian angel to Moxie. "Oooh", I kept on hearing. I kept chuckling.

Ms. Avery came to us, carrying the food. "Kids! Isn't it time to eat?", Ms. Avery asked. Every student cheered happily and ran to their tables. They ate and ate and ate.

"Thank you for teaching me those kicking moves, Bruno", Moxie smiled. I smiled back. A bright smile, indeed. "You're welcome", I responded. I suddenly brought up the question I've been waiting to ask him.

"By the way, where do you live? I want to play with you after we go back home", I asked. Moxie blinked, then looked at his sandwich. He turned back to me and answered with, "I live next to you. My daddy said so". I gasped. Gasped really hard.

I didn't know that Moxie was a neighbor, at least I didn't back then. I remembered at that moment that I didn't see a "FOR SALE" sign outside of my neighbor's house before Moxie came to the

kindergarten. The sign was there for the entire summer. It looks like Moxie's parents bought the house and, by then, they live there.

"That's awesome!", I yelled, but not so much that everyone could hear it. Moxie nodded, not saying a word. "Can I visit you today?", I asked. Moxie looked at me, then affirmed by saying "Sure!".

I was so excited that day. I actually got to visit him. It was a fun night. I ate the best cookies ever and I got to McDonalds with him. The play place was empty, so it was only me and Moxie who got to play there! Going to a McDonalds play place with only you and your best friend alone? Hell yeah! That might sound kind of creepy at first, but I swear, nothing bad actually happened.

You know, I'm starting to realize that maybe I should write in first-perspectives more in the Extraordinary books. It really makes the book seem more… dynamic, you know? But I don't know. The books have already been written since Book 3. I'm only rewriting them now, and I'm too scared to change a lot of the aspects of it. Plus, I'm already in Book 6. Changing the previous 5 books will take too much work. If I don't get to change it, then things will feel… strange.

And if I write in first-perspectives, my writing will look more like talking than, well, writing. I think it's better if I stick to third-perspectives. I don't think I'll write beyond Book 10 in the mere future anyways.

Anyways, things went on. Life was great. I got to visit Moxie more frequently, maybe every other Saturday or so. I can't go on Sundays because Moxie has to "work" with his family that day, whatever that means. Moxie said it has something to do with religion, so maybe that's why.

One weird aspect of Moxie that I never got the change to ask is his name. I vividly remember that day. The day where Moxie declined to tell me his name.

Ms. Avery was making us sing the ABC's and all that. Once we finished, Ms. Avery suddenly asked a question. "Now, Moxie, I've heard that your real name starts with D. Is that true?", Ms. Avery asked. Everyone student stared at Moxie. I was the most confused out of everyone. I've known Moxie for months, yet I don't know about this information as of that point.

"No", Moxie denied.

Everyone looked at each other, confused. Ms. Avery clapped, faking a smile. "Class is dismissed!", she exclaimed. Everyone got out of the room and were waiting for their parents to arrive and pick them up.

I was about to ask Moxie about the question, he just went back him. He didn't even say a word to me. Not even a goodbye. I felt upset by that, as anyone would expect. Looks like that question was too much for him even if I asked him. He did seem uncomfortable when Ms. Avery asked him about his real name after all.

After a year, we finally got to graduate from kindergarten into elementary school. Still, I and Moxie had contact with each other and we were still as close as magnets pulled together.

That closeness didn't last forever though.

"Moxie is moving away!?", I yelled out loud. I was just 5 when this happened. It was the end of May from what I remember. My parents got the news through a phone call they had with Moxie's aunt, announcing something tragic.

My mom sighed. My brother, Piper, was just a baby at that time. He was just sitting in his little chair, making a mess with some baby food in the background. I was sitting beside him, but fairly far away from him. "Look, sweetie, this has to be done", my mom told me. My dad was at work at the time, so he didn't get to talk to me. It was morning after all.

“No, mom! It didn’t!”, I denied, almost crying. My mom sat down on the chair that was next to me. “Why does this… have to happen?”, I asked, sniffing up some mucus. Because my mom didn’t want to admit the truth, she told me to “Go and get the phone. Call Moxie. He’ll tell you everything”. I was confused. *“What could this mean?”*, I kept thinking.

My heart was pumping like gas pumping up to car wallowing for food. I rushed to landline that was hung up on the wall. I pulled the phone pass the holder and almost tied up the wires. I dialed up Moxie’s number by my best memory.

I kept on breathing and breathing. I got an answer… but it wasn’t from any of Moxie’s parents… I only heard Moxie’s now-soft voice. It was odd. The voice really deviated from how I know Moxie sounded like.

“Moxie!”, I yelled. I kept vibrating myself. “Moxie, what happened? Why are you moving away?”, I asked. Moxie sounded like he was tearing up. He was. I heard him thud down to the ground, sniffling and sobbing. “My parents… they…”.

Moxie kept trying to breath and spit the truth out to me. The other end was confused. I wanted to know, but nobody had the guts to tell me until that point. “Tell me!”, I begged Moxie, almost crying like he did so. It was odd for some 5-year-olds, but… Moxie meant the world to me.

“… They died”, Moxie answered.

I gasped.

Moxie kept on crying and crying.

“I’m sorry…”, I apologized. I wished I was next to Moxie, physically. I couldn’t though. It was too late. Moxie was already breaking down.

I never imagined this would happen to me or anyone.

“What happened anyways?”, I asked. I was a bit afraid to ask that, admittedly. I just didn’t want to hurt Moxie more.

“Someone evil killed my parents last night. I don’t know who, but someone did”, Moxie answered.

The answer was blurry thanks to the call quality, yet I could still understand what Moxie meant. It’s just that, I don’t know who exactly killed them… and it seemed like Moxie didn’t know the answer to that either. Nobody did.

“My aunt and uncle told me that I have to move to Manhattan so I could live with them. I’m sorry for you, Bruno. I will miss you. I will miss everyone in Brooklyn”, Moxie cried.

I wanted to hug Moxie so badly. I wanted to comfort him.

“I will miss you too, Moxie. I really will”, I started crying. My mom watched as all this happened. I saw her watching me cry. I didn’t care much about her. I didn’t want Moxie to go.

After a couple of days, Moxie left. I made a goodbye call to him the night before he left. I guess it was at that point that I started developing my sympathetic personality—at least that’s what people call it. I don’t believe giving people chances or carrying about other’s feelings is being sympathetic or empathetic though.

A few days later, I found out which school Moxie is planned to go to. “Open Book School”, my dad told me. I was brought to be curious by the name. My dad told me that one of his co-workers used to study in that school for their latter 3 school years. That co-worker never appeared again though. He said that back then, the school only opened in Manhattan, but now they’ve opened in other parts of New York and Brooklyn is one of the places.

At the time I heard that, my parents didn’t plan a school for me. They’ve been searching and searching everywhere for a good school. After I showed my curiosity and interest in Open Book School, I guess my parents thought that I gave them the answer on a silver platter.

Chapter 2

New Kid Bruno

It should be obvious that I felt lonely after Moxie moved away. I spent the summer alone. Only being around a constantly whining and demanding baby. I had to take care of him a lot at the time since my mom was doing hotel work and my dad was doing police work. Days where I get to go out and have fun with the neighbor kids are the best memories I've had of the summer of 2006.

Luckily, things got better in September, well, that's what 6-year-old Bruno thought. The same Bruno who thought I was exceptional.

I got to school. I didn't feel so lonely. I at least felt like where I belong.

It was the 2nd of September. I went down from my school bus that was crowded by strangers that I've never even met. I ran to my classroom, almost making the same mistake that I made on the first day of this year. Thankfully, I didn't!

My classroom was a bit larger than the others, oddly enough. Everyone was just sitting in their seats. It looked like everyone knew each other, so I felt left out. Everyone sat in individual seats unlike now where everyone sits in pairs. I was in Class 3.

The teacher came into the room. She was short but pretty. Her hair was long and smooth, it's almost like I could touch her hair and feel like I was touching velvet. She also wore equally smooth-looking clothes. Her name was Melissa.

"Good morning, students!", Melissa greeted. Everyone greeted back. I just stared at the teacher, confused about everything. I was so used to Ms. Avery that seeing a new teacher was weird to me.

Melissa smiled. She was the sun, shining her smile through the classroom and into mine and my classmates' hearts. "I am Melissa. Ms. Melissa Hemmingway. I am your teacher who'll teach you all sorts of things! Those include: English, Math and Science. I'll guide you all too!", Melissa said while writing on the board "English, Math and Science".

Melissa cleared her throat, ready to spit out something. "Now that I've introduced myself, could any of you be nice enough to introduce yourselves?", she asked politely. Her tone was so sweet that everyone raised her hands, everyone collectively getting ready to introduce themselves. I was one of the only ones who didn't.

One of the students stood up since Melissa picked them. It was actually someone familiar. Someone who is still my classmate.

"I am Nadia", she said. Yeah, Nadia was classmates with me since first grade. It was amazing!

"Nadia, you say? Isn't Nadia an Arabic name?", Melissa asked. Nadia nodded eagerly. She was seemingly excited to tell Melissa about what that means. "Yeah! That's because I'm Lebanese", Nadia responded. Everyone was smiling at Nadia, all saying their "ooohs".

"Lebanese? Wow! That is amazing!", Melissa chuckled. Nadia chuckled alongside Melissa. Melissa looked around, then spotted me.

"Who are you?", Melissa asked. I gulped. I didn't know what to say at all. Not in any sense of the word! I felt like my world was going to fall apart or something at the time. Me standing—or sitting—in front of kids I've never ever eat before and a beautiful teacher? No way will I ever not feel under pressure!

"I'm Bruno…", I quietly said, though I sounded like I whispered more than anything. Melissa walked towards me. Melissa seemed like a giant to me. She was just stomping through the seats and to me.

I trembled around like an idiot.

“Bruno? Have any of you known him?”, Melissa asked. I was confused. I actually still am. I thought Melissa didn’t know these kids before. If she did, then why do they need to introduce themselves? But now, it really didn’t seem to be the case. I still don’t know after all these years!

The students collectively shook their head ‘no’.

I bit my nails as Melissa turned her head (that was facing to the other kids) to me. “You must be new here, right?”, Melissa asked.

I felt like I was being threatened! Being called new in any school is sort of another way of saying “you’re a loser” after all.

I nodded anyways, even if I knew I was going through an embarrassing moment that I’ll always remember (which is true).

Melissa lit up like a candle afterward. To my eventual surprise! She wasn’t a demon teacher like the ones I see on TV. “How nice! It’s always nice meeting new people”, Melissa stated. Every student smiled the same way Melissa did. I sighed, feeling relieved.

Things went fairly fine afterward. At least I was better off than some other people I know. Those people are the ones I’m telling to write books now. There were lots of students in my class. Some of them made some sort of impact on me, while others… well… they could be better to me.

During break, and yes, this did happen in the first day of school, I was just looking for a table to sit, then I found a seat that made me feel like I belong there. The table belonged to a group of kids.

The kids did look aggressive, but at the same time, they were so nice to each other. They shared treats and all that. I wanted to join in, but I don’t know how. So, I made things simple for myself. I just sat in an empty seat that belonged to the table.

The kids didn’t give me weird looks or anything. They just looked at me, then offered me something.

“Hello! You are Bruno, yeah? I saw you introduce yourself”, one of the kids told me. I nodded; a bit afraid to say anything. “Do you want some Oreos?”, a boy in brown clothes offered me. I nodded yet again. I took two of the three Oreos the boy held in her palm. “Yummy!”, I smiled. Everyone giggled.

I looked at everyone and realized that maybe this school isn’t so bad. Not as bad as I expected, at least. “Who are you?”, Bruno asked. Everyone proceeded to introduce themselves, one by one.

“Pacha Patterson”, the boy who was in my class said. He dressed the fairest out of everyone, yet he seemed to be so humble that it looked like he came out of a farm.

“Elias Elizawood!”, a boy exclaimed, slamming on the table excitingly. He was an energetic boy who I know I’d get along with.

“I’m Maximus Maxwell!”, a boy introduced. “And I’m Minimus Maxwell!”, another added. They were twins. It was obvious. They looked exactly like each other, except Maximus wore red while Minimus wore blue.

“Evans Daves”, a boy introduced. He was the boy who wore brown clothes.

“T-Tony Tobias…”, another boy stuttered. He had long tuffs of hair that covered his eyes. He was clearly shy, but sweet at the same time.

“Dennis Frederick!”, the last boy said. I presume he was just like Elias.

My eyes were gleaming just by listening to their voices. It couldn’t be true, could it? Just on the first day of school, I made so many friends! Looks like it wasn’t just a dream though. It was all true!

Eventually, the day ended. Not much actually happened other than simple introductions. Not as action-packed as the other first days of

school, I know. The thing I remembered the most is how I met those old friends though. It's sad to see how it all ends now. Now I'm a member of a team run by criminal kids—not in a literal way, of course. I guess it's their fault for even breaking up the team.

I remember something else that day. It was actually at night. I was bored from playing with my toy cars, so I decided to watch TV with my parents that night. I think it was 8:30 PM? They didn't mind that I was watching, probably because the program they were watching wasn't even for adults.

Plus, they knew I could handle whatever what was presented on screen. What was it? It was some argument between a couple… or friends? They were friends, since there were three people.

One man wore blue, the other man wore purple and the girl wore pink from what I remember. They were all in some apartment.

I could only remember some things about what I watched. I'll write the dialog that I could remember. Maybe I'll color code it too!

Purple Guy: Forgive me, Jessabelle. I keep forgetting that you're lactose intolerant. (for context: the guy gave Jessabelle some milk)

Pink Girl (Jessabelle): Oh, it's ok! I keep forgetting you hate orange juice too!

The two kept on laughing. I guess the blue guy felt left out or something.

Blue Guy: And I guess all of you have forgotten that I hate peanuts?

Purple Guy: Aren't you allergic to them?

Blue Guy: Yeah? Surprised you didn't forget.

Jessabelle: What's wrong?

Blue Guy: Nothing's wrong, I'm just feeling… tired.

The Blue Guy was obviously just lying. Even I could tell as a 6-year-old. This is when my memories started getting blurry, so I'll only write about the blue guy.

Blue Guy: Look, guys, I'm just… I just don't think things are great between us anymore.
Brecel (Brecel was his name, I know): No, Lincoln. It's not that. I feel like we're not getting along anymore.
Jessabelle: What?
Lincoln: Here we go again…
Brecel: You keep on avoiding me, you two. You keep going to talk to our friends instead of me. It's fine, but you can't just stop acknowledging me like this!
Lincoln: We are still acknowledging you.
Brecel: Sure doesn't look like it.
Brecel: I'm not asking for attention! I want you to respect me and still talk to me! My family acknowledges me better, and they always tend to treat me like a stranger back then!
Brecel: Of course I'm sure! You know, I can't deal with stupid fights like this anymore! I always wanted to work things out. I can't even count how many papers I wrote that are meant for the two of you! I just want to know why have you been ignoring me, you two. I want to know.
Jessabelle: People change.
Brecel: People change!? This drastically? I don't think so! I know there's something wrong!
Brecel: How can I trust you two when you won't stop breaking promises!?
Lincoln: Everywhere we go, you follow.
Brecel: I thought we were hanging out. You should've told me sooner. Is that why you guys have been ignoring me?
Jessabelle: Brecel, you couldn't you have talked to us about this?
Brecel: It's not silly! It's serious!
Brecel: Look, guys, I think… I think things are getting exhausting in general. Ever since Frank had that fallout with me and you guys were in my side, you two have been weird. What happened?

Brecel: Ugh! I remembered back when you two didn't want me to leave your side… How is it now, huh? You don't even care?
Brecel: Fine then! I might as well not be friends with you two then! If things did "change" that is.

That's all I remember, really. That's a lot more than I thought now that I think about it. I don't know why but… the scene really reminds me of something. I feel like I went through it, I really do. Nah. I'm probably imagining things… or am I not? I don't know.

Anyways, I should carry onto the next day.

The next day, we were instructed to draw with crayons. Typical first grade activities. I had tons of crayons, but not as many as the other kids. They have a range from bright red to royal purple to bright pink. I just had normal rainbow crayons, just the colors red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo purple and somehow pink.

I started scribbling around with the crayons.

The teacher told us to draw anything we want, so I just drew something.

That something was a bit… grim for a six-year-old. It's still a concept that normal kids can understand though.

I drew a stick figure with the blue crayon and started rubbing red crayons all over the drawing. I subtly drew a knife with a green crayon too. I actually still have that drawing. It always haunts me though. It should be obvious that the drawing is about someone dying.

I tried to look at who's in front of me by going side to side on my chair. I wanted to get someone's opinion on my curious drawing.

I gave up and decided to tap into the kid's shoulder. I don't know why I didn't ask the kid sitting beside me—probably because the kid was sitting far from me.

The kid turned their back to me. It was Alex. Wait. Was it Alex? Oh, no. I met Alex this year. Aha! It was Michael. Michael from Class 4, the leader of the class. I was classmates with him back in first grade.

"Hey, uh, Michael. What do you think of this drawing?", I asked. I propped up the picture to him. Michael then made a weirded out, confused look on his face. It looked like he just saw a dead rat in front of him—which he technically did.

He looked like he wanted to keep my spirits up, so he said "It looks cool". I smiled wide. I almost wanted to jump right of my seat! Of course, I didn't. If I did then I would've embarrassed myself.

I somehow know that Michael was hiding something about the drawing I made, so I hid it from the teacher. I instead drew a cute picture of 8 stick figures holding hands and forming a circle. I tried my best to make it look like they were dancing. I colored them like the rainbow, including the color pink. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, purple and pink. Huh, that order seems familiar. Oh yeah! ~~It's the favo~~

I looked around the classroom with my eyes. I was eager to show off someone this new and improved drawing. Then I kept seeing my classmates all looking at me as they noticed that I was looking around.

The faces of the classmates… they were faces I could still see nowadays. Team Toxic? My current classmates?

Wait, no. Team Toxic and my current classmates weren't even there back then! Why are my memories suddenly getting so blurry that I keep putting random people into other random people's places?

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Why can't I remember anything else now?

Well, I'll get onto the next thing I can remember, I guess. ~~Why am I doing this?~~

Things went like normal soon after. Well, as normal as things can get in Open Book School! Of course, things were sort of better in the Brooklyn branch than in Manhattan. There weren't such things as attacks from a psycho like Terrance, just stuff normal students would go through.

Things were also better because there weren't such things as a complicated friendship. I mean, all friendships used to stand on liking the same ice cream flavor or hating the same teacher. Now it's all just "I need space" or "It's your fault" and all that. Things are just so petty now.

I kept staying with my friend group full of boys too. I don't remember when did a girl get into the equation though. Oh! I think I do now. I think I should recount some memories I made with the friend group though.

Chapter 3
Sunshine

Sometimes, I wish I could include some other people when I'm writing. Oh well. I think I'll tell… the ones I had some conflicts with. Right.

Anyways, so I started to feel super duper happy to be with my very best friends! That's how I phrased things anyways. It's not how I'd phrase it now, of course.

Notes

Excuse me, I just need to write some links down for school!
For English quiz about the recent topic:
https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdgMr5eKVgDwiq-_Ozf9xS_-VzKnI87uyGqmPkJYdYQi6i7fg/viewform?usp=sf_link